PENNED BY WALLACE·IRWIN

THE GREAT MAN'S PRIMER OR GUIDE to SUCCESS

PICTURED BY E·W·KEMBLE

II.---JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

COME, child-ren, quick! Look, Uncle John is play-ing a game!

So we ob-serve. Is it a hard game?

Not for Uncle John. No game is hard for him. He al-ways fix-es it so the oth-er fel-low will do the work.

Who is the boy who limps be-hin dUncle John carry-ing the clubs?

Oh, he is the cad-die. He knows of John's ben-ev-o-lence and thinks he wil lhave a Snap.

Will he?

Yes and no. Aft-er Uncle has gone four times a-round the 18-hole course and the boy has fol-lowed car-ry-ing a 50-pound bag of sport-ing hard-ware, John will pause and wipe his fev-ered wig. Then he will say to the boy, "This wil lbe suf-fi-cient for the day. Have you change for a dime?" "No, Sir," the youth will an-swer rev-er-ent-ly. "Oh, well," John will say, hand-ing ten (10) cents to the boy, „I will trust you to come back to-mor-row and work out the oth-er two cents. You have a nhon-est face."

Say-ing which John will go to his man-sion and fig-re out the prof-its of the day's bus-i-ness.

Will the cad-die come back?

Yes. That is the funny thing about John's ben-e-fic-i-a-ries—they al-ways come back for more.

Some-times when the chores are done and I sit per-fect-ly i-dle I am over-come with a strange feel-ing of pit-y for Mr. Rock-e-fel-ler. "How lit-tle John has got-ten out o fLife!" I think sad-ly. And then there comes one sweet, con-so-ing Thought. "How lit-tle Life has got-ten out of John!"

Mr .Arch-bold is quite right when he tells us John is the Salt of the Earth. John is salt all right. One of the pro-per-ties of salt is: you can dis-solve it ever so many times with-out des-troy-ing the salt. The Su-preme Court dis-solves John ev-er-y Mon-day morn-ing, in some form or oth-er. Some-times they dis-solve him in the for o fStan-dard Oil, at oth-er times in the form of U. S. Steel. Yet John remains O. K.

Serv-ing sub-poen-as on John is a pop-ul-ar sport a-mong U. S. Marshals. Ev-ery time one of these fear-less sleuths wants to graft a drink he calls o nJohn. John sees the Mar-shal com-ing down the Tar-ry-town pike At first he is not sure wheth-er it is a Mar-shal or an En-glish cler-gy-man or a Col-lege Pre-si-dent—an yone of these is apt to be call-ing at an ytime. And they all look equal-ly hum-ble at a dis-tance. As the fig-re ap-proach-es John sees what it is and breathes a sigh of re-lief. U. S. Marshals are eas-ier to get around than En-glish Cler-gy-men or Col-lege Pre-si-dents.

"What is it this mor-ing, Wil-liam?" asks John, rec-og-niz-ing the Dep-u-ty.

"Sorry to both-er you, Mis-ter Rock-e-fel-ler," says the Mar-shal re-moving his lid and thrust-ing sub-poen-a into John's pock-et.

"Sit down, my dear fel-low!" says John. "I see you are thirst-y af-ter your long tramp. You must have a lit-tle some-thing with me."

On-ly the dry gur-gle in the Mar-shal's throat in-di-cates his yearn-ing. The But-ler ap-pears with a Some-thing in a cool pit-cher. He pours a glass for John and one for the Mar-shal. The lat-ter tastes it and turns pale. It is lem-on-ade.

Picture his a-gon-y!

"Wil-liam," says John, tossing away two glass-es of the fru-gal bev-er-age, "you doubt-less mar-vel that a mag-nate of my im-port-ance should sit here as man to man of-fering lem-on-ade (free) to one of your low-ly sta-tion. Why do you think it makes me hap-py?"

"Be-cause," says the chok-ing Dep-u-ty, "you have al-ways tak-en pride in hand-ing any-thing with lem-ons in it to a Gov-ern-ment represen-ta-tive."

Say-ing which he fades tact-ful-ly away, fear-ing no doubt that John will ask him to pay for the re-past.

De-spite his ex-al-ted suc-cess John nev-er for-gets those less for-tu-nate than he. "I pay my re-spects to the poor in ev-er-y can of oil I sell" he says in his quaint way.

His char-i-ties of-ten take a more prac-ti-cal turn. For in-stance, Mr. Hank McHook, of Cleveland, O., is an old school-friend of John's. Hank pooled his marbles with John's in reck-ess boyhood days. Result, John be-came a marble mag-nate. In later years Hank owned an oil well, and John, remembering old times, permit-ted Hank to be ab-sorbed into the Standard. Hank is now a poor man. This shows that some peo-ple are nat-u-ral-ly no good.

But does John for-get Hank?

No! Ev-er-y Christ-mas he sends him one (1) col-ored pic-ture post-card show-ing Rock-e-fel-ler Home Over-look-ing Golf Course.

"Mr. Rock-e-fel-ler is one of my clos-est friends," says Hank with deep feeling.

Has Uncle John a fav-o-rite hymn?

Yes, child, yes. It is called "Beautiful Isle of Some-where." John loves to hear this sung by an Irish tenor who pro-nounces it "Bea-uti-ful Oil of Some-where."

Has Uncle John a fam-i-ly tree?

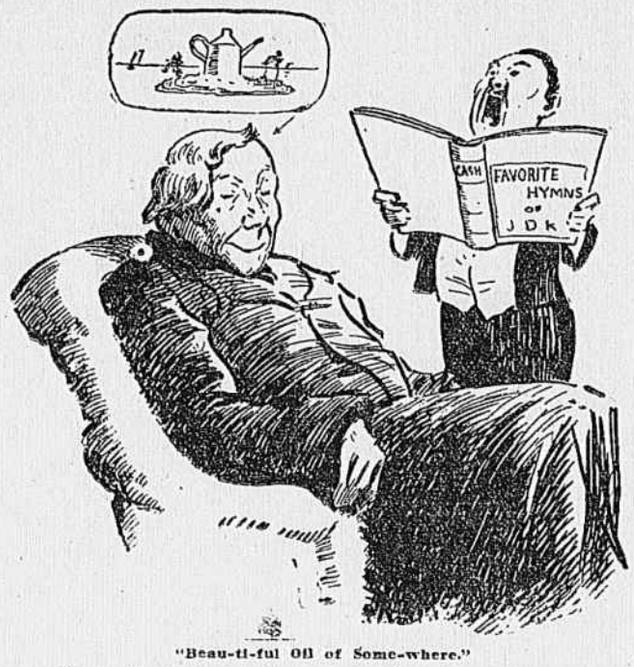
Yes, a regular tight-bark hick-ory of a tree. Some Pro-fess-ors claim that he is de-scended from King John of England. Others de-clare his great an-ces-tor was King Angus the Cautious of Scot-land, who went to his cor-o-na-tion in a golf cap in or-der to save wear and tear on his crown.

Now, little children, have you learned a les-son from this great Life?

Yes, teacher. The lesson we have ab-sorb-ed is this:

"Nev-er spend be-yond your income."

(Copyright, 1911, by the Asso-ciated Literary Press.)



"Beau-ti-ful Oil of Some-where."

"Have you Change for a Dime?"

Poe's Relations With Mr. Allan

By PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE

THERE were four traits which stood out conspicuously in the character of Mr. John Allan, Edkar Allan Poe's fosterfather. He was stubborn, irascible, exacting and unsympathetic. Such a proud and sensitive nature as the poet's, especially in his youth, was not to be controlled by sombre qualities like these, but by judicious forbearance, by affectionate firmness, and by a genial and kindly temper. Who can study his sad career and not deeply regret that, instead of falling to Mr. Allan's care, he had not fallen to John P. Kennedy's, his first patron? Do the lives of celebrated authors offer a sharper contrast than that presented by the poet's relations with these two men, respectively, the one so gentle towards faults of disposition, so lenient towards irregularities of conduct, though disapproving, and so keenly appreciative of genius—the other so austere, so inflexible, so unappreciative? It may be said, it is true, that Mr. Allan knew Poe as a member of his family, who, in his opinion, whether just or unjust, had acted ungratefully towards his benefactor. On the other hand, Poe was altogether a stranger to Kennedy until he became known to him as a young man who had evinced great talent in the composition of prize essays, and their relations afterwards were certainly those of literary friends. But admitting that one had provocation, and the other none, it is impossible to imagine the kindly, generous, impulsive, and cultured man of the world in the place of the narrow, hard, unbending, though not unbenevolent man of business, without feeling that the upshot of the poet's fate would have been more normal and more fortunate.

Good Man in His Way.

Does not Mr. Allan's character lurk within that brief description of his personal appearance which we have from the mouth of Mr. John Mackenzie: "The long, hooked nose, the small, keen eyes, looking from under shaggy eyebrows, the whole reminding one of a hawk?" "He was a good man in his way," adds Mr. Mackenzie with more than a suspicion of a reservation. "His practical adoption of a child, having no claim on him of any sort, has always been accepted as a proof of the truth of his assertion. Why should he have done this unless his nature was a kindly and human one? Unfortunately, for his reputation for benevolence, though not for his reputation for prudence, as we shall soon see, he only consented to undertake the care of the infant Edgar at the earnest solicitation of his wife, a woman of an affectionate and charitable disposition. His first expectation seems to have been that the child would, in a short while, be passed on to kinsmen in Baltimore; and when these kinsmen declared themselves to be too impovished to assume such a burden, he, while deciding to keep the boy, positively declined to adopt him legally, although for some years he was known by his fosterfather's surname alone.

It was an evidence of Mr. Allan's good sense to feel and to act as he did. Might not his wife, who was not thirty years of age, yet bear him a son? And should a son be born, or even a daughter, would not this little boy, the offspring of strangers, if legally adopted, have a claim on one-half of his fosterfather's estate? Now, when Edgar was taken into his family, Mr. Allan was not a man of fortune, but as one of the nephews of Mr. Galt, the most opulent merchant in Virginia, he had reason to expect, should he survive his uncle, a very large addition to his means. Would Mr. Galt be more or would he be less inclined to leave a share of his estate to a nephew who had adopted as his heir the child of strolling players? Would it be agreeable to the uncle to know that this child of other blood and of a parentage not altogether reputable, would ultimately come into possession of one-half of his fortune?

Only Wandering Actors.

Situated, as Mr. Allan then was, the most ordinary circumspection prompted him to weigh these questions with care in declining to adopt Edgar legally. But apart from this suggestion of prudence, it was not unnatural that he should have demurred to adopting a child sprung from parentage so environed. The American stage had less social distinction in those days than it has in these; and the Poes were only known as wandering actors of second rate abilities, who had died in such abject poverty that both had to be buried at the public expense, and one even in the potter's field.

Having, after much hesitation, admitted the child to his hearthstone as it were, on permanent probation, Mr. Allan, although coldly fulfilling all the obligations which he had assumed towards him, does not seem to have really forgotten, or even permitted the boy to forget, his uncertain position. "I know," said Mr. John Mackenzie, "that often, when angry with Edgar, he would threaten to turn him adrift, and that he never allowed him to lose sight of his dependence on his charity." It is possible that Mr. Allan's general attitude was more rigid than it would have been had he not looked upon it as necessary to counteract the injurious effect of the boy's over-indulgence by the ladies and servants of his family. Whether he was influenced by this fact or not, the preponderating evidence is that he corrected Edgar for trivial offenses with a degree of harshness that was repugnant to the tenderness of the child's age at the time. This punishment, however, is known to have taken the form of an energetic whipping on but one occasion; and then it would appear to have been richly deserved, for Edgar had kept one of his little companions out in the woods until nightfall, and also had diverted himself with killing the poultry in one of the neighbor's grounds. But more pardonable misconduct, while not punished with the switch, was punished in a way that often seemed disproportionately severe.

Thus, when Edgar was not yet four years of age, having been taught by Mr. Edward Valentine, in a spirit of fun, to draw the chairs away as the guests in the house were about to seat themselves, he played this trick successfully on an old lady, who, to her consternation and discomfort, came down suddenly and unexpectedly on the floor. Mr. Allan, naturally shocked by the spectacle, is said to have been quite as angry as if the culprit was fully able to understand the rudeness of his own act, and led him from the room with the relentless air of a Bluebeard.

Temper Was Wilful.

There is reason to think that the child's temper was decidedly wilful, and that, at times, tactfulness had to be exercised to control him properly—still the general testimony concurs in pronouncing him affectionate and sweet natured, and quickly responsive to kindness. That his fosterfather, however conscientiously he may have striven to do the best in his power for the boy, was either unconscious of these good qualities, or thought that they were overshadowed by bad ones (which in some instances, at least, had their origin in Mr. Allan's own suspicious imagination) is revealed in the following anecdote: Mrs. Mackenzie once heard him say that "Edgar did not know the meaning of the word gratitude," to which she very sensibly replied: "This could not be expected of children who were not able to understand their obligations."

This story discloses the perverted leaning of Mr. Allan's mind when Edgar was still a mere child, and it clearly foreshadows and explains that later mental attitude which was chiefly responsible for the final rupture between him and his ward. There was a certain meanness and hardness in this attitude, which was the outgrowth simply of his own character. That charity is deserving of little praise which is always looking for, and is content with nothing short of subservient appreciation by its recipient. It was not in the boy's nature, already galled by his forsterparent's constant obtrusion of his own benevolence, and by the frequent taunts of envious schoolmates, to govern his whole life on the principle of an extravagant gratitude which would not have been expected of a son. So far as has come to light, the first Mrs. Allan, who was perhaps too kind and too indulgent, never sought to wound his sensibilities by such ill-bred and ungenerous claims and reproaches. Was it strange that the boy spent as much time as he was permitted to do under the roof of the Mackenzies, who had adopted his sister; and that, as a youth, he often expressed his regret that he also had not been adopted by that family, who appear, certainly so far as its male members were concerned, to have been much more congenial to his tastes than the Allans.

Marked for Counting-House.

How little correct insight Mr. Allan had into the young man's real powers was shown by his anxiety to place him, as soon as he left the Richmond Academy, on a stool in a tobacco counting-house. He knew of Edgar's talent for writing verse, since he had requested Mr. Clarke to decide upon the properiety of issuing a volume of the boy's poems submitted in manuscript for critical judgment. But he had gone so far as this only because he had been importuned to do so. A man of business might well have thought that thus to encourage the literary ambition of a youth destined for ledgers alone, would be merely to divert him without offering any compensatory advantage. But why should Mr. Allan have supposed that the shop was the only career open to a youth possessing the handsome appearance, the courteous address, the native ability, and the classical culture of his fosterson when he left the academy? This was a period when intellectual pursuits like law and journalism were held in Virginia in particular esteem. The most conspicuous figures in the society of Richmond, as well as the most influential guides in its civic affairs, were the leaders of the local bar. With his already polished elocution, his fluency of speech and marked intellectual tastes, would it have been strange had the boy of fifteen, who was far more matured than most boys at that age, looked forward with confidence to winning success in that profession should he adopt it? Did he not have even more tenable ground for anticipating a brilliant career as a writer for the press? Possibly it was the clear recognition of all this that led him to be so persistent in begging his fosterfather to permit him to pass a year at the University of Virginia. At this time Mr. Allan was in full possession of his share of his uncle's large fortune. Would it have been unreasonable in the future poet, had he thought that, as the fosterchild of a man of such great wealth, there was nothing ungrateful in his longing to follow his natural taste by choosing a literary career? How consuming that desire really was, can only be taken in by one who can fully comprehend the ambition of such an artist as Poe so soon proved himself to be. Is it possible to doubt that, had Kennedy been his fosterparent, this ambition would have entered on its first stage of fruition just as soon as he left the University of Virginia? Or, had such a man as William Wirt been his guardian, that the smallest compromise with his literary aspirations would have been the adoption of an intellectual profession like law?

It was the youth's misfortune that he was dependent on a stern, unsympathetic, narrow-minded, and rigid man of business, who was determined to carry out his own wishes as to a ward, who, from infancy, had been looked upon by him as an object of charity.

Mr. Allan's unbending character was plainly revealed in his conduct after hearing of the heavy debts which the young man had contracted at the University of Virginia. During the single session which Poe passed there the vice of gambling prevailed quite generally among the students, and into this dangerous practice the youth of sixteen threw himself only too often with all the rash impulsiveness of his nature. But this action did not single him out as more reckless than his fellow-culprits He was simply par in pares. There is no record of his companions' debts from card playing, but it is not likely that the total in each instance was less serious than in his own. When Poe's came to be added up along with his other obligations they were found to amount to a very large sum to have been spent by a young man who possessed no means whatever of his own

Mr. Allan Displeased.

When Mr Allan was told of these gambling debts, quite naturally, he was very much displeased by the course of conduct which had led to their contraction In such a case most parents, after their annoyance had calmed down, would have paid the whole and given no further thought to it Doubtless, there was many a father who did this at the end of the season of 1826, and many a one, too, who could far less afford to do it than Mr. Allan. The fortune of the latter at this time was, conservatively estimated at a figure as high as seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and his annual income must have fallen little short of forty thousand; and yet, after a visit to the university to investigate in person, he positively refused to pay his fosterson's debts of honor, and preferred to leave him under the imputation—always a damaging one—of shirking these debts, a charge that would do him much more harm in the opinion of the society in which both moved than the mere fact that he had gambled extravagantly.

Whatever may be said of the morality of college boys like Poe and his friends wasting so much of their leisure in playing cards for stakes, it was not creditable to Mr. Allan's generosity of feeling to permit obligations thus contracted by his fosterson to remain unpaid, especially in the light of Mrs. Weiss's statement that the young man offered to return gradually the whole amount advanced by devoting to that end a definite proportion of the salary which he should receive for his services as a clerk in the Allan counting-house in Richmond.

Poe's determination to leave that city seems to have been reached without his disguising his intention to his family, but obviously without their approval, although Mrs. Allan and her sister appear to have supplied him with the money which he required in setting out Did his strained relations with his fosterfather have any influence in causing him to depart? Mr. Allan, writing in May, 1829, says explicitly that "he (Poe) left me in consequence of some gambling at the university at Charlottesville, because, I presume, I refused to sanction a rule that the shopkeepers and others had adopted there of making debts of honor of all indiscretions." There were probably other reasons for antagonism at the moment owing to their respective pecularities Mr Allan, perhaps, thought that the young man ought to hold on to the clerkship which had been given him, and as he refused to do so without any excuse which a careful man of business could consider sound, his guardian, with characteristic stubborness, declined to aid him to obtain more congenial employment, although fully aware of his intellectual powers Poe himself was perhaps influenced by mixed feelings independently of any ground of exasperation against his fosterfather which he may have supposed himself to possess—by an exaggerated disappointment in a love affair just closed by the young lady's marriage to a rival; by a vague sense of being generally misunderstood and unappreciated, but, above all, by a spirit of waywardness and unrest, so often observed at that time of life.

Follows Alluring Star.

The indefinable longings and aspirations which burned in the heart of Chatterton, and led him, as it has done many a youth of genius before and since, to go up to London to try his literary fortune, perhaps, at the same impressionable age flamed in the breast of Poe, and moved him blindly to follow the same alluring star. There was no great literary mart in America, like the English metropolis, which he could seek.

Is there any real ground for the recent assertion that, after leaving Richmond he did make his way to London by a sailing vessel—a natural and not an impracticable step for him to take—indeed, the very step which he, in his romantic and wandering mood at the moment, might have been expected to take? But whether he did so or not, he next rises to the surface in Boston, which was perhaps as near an approach to being a literary centre as could then be found on the continent.

During Poe's enlistment in the army he seems to have kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Allan; but though stationed as near as Fortress Monroe, which was in constant communication by water with Richmond, he does not appear to have revisited that city until the day after her funeral—an interval of two years. In the meanwhile, however, he is reported to have requested Mr. Allan to purchase a substitute for him, so as to permit him to withdraw from the private ranks of the army. Mr. Allan for a time either delayed or refused to comply with this wish, and only yielded after his wife's death and then only, it is said, in obedience to her dying entreaty. Even then it was understood that Poe was to endeavor to obtain an appointment to a cadetship in the national Military Academy.

The death of Mrs. Allan had not led to even a partial restoration of close relations between Poe and his fosterfather; this is to be inferred from the fact that, during the interval of fifteen months between his discharge from the regular army and his reception of an appointment to a cadetship, he rarely made any use of the room which he had occupied in the Allan mansion before leaving for the university. The greater portion of this interval had been passed elsewhere, and at a distance from Mr. Allan.

Was this due to the estrangement which had occurred previous to the enlistment in the army, or had the separation been widened by something which had happened since? In a letter which the second Mrs. Allan wrote Colonel Ellis in 1880, not long before her death, she asserts specifically that Poe had misappropriated the first sum which Mr. Allan had sent him for the purchase of a substitute at Fortress Monroe; and she also refers, in general terms of approbrium, to a letter which Poe had written respecting that sum. It is not beyond the range of probability that Mrs. Allan's memory was at fault, for she was writing fifty years after the event; and, moreover, it is a matter of record that her last testament was attacked in court on the ground that her mental condition during the latter part of her life was such as to disqualify her from making a legal will. In addition, she is known to have felt acutely the lingering suspicion in the public mind that she was directly responsible for her husband's failure to be reconciled to Poe during the latter's visit to Richmond, just previous to Mr Allan's death.

A Floating Rumor.

There was for a long time a floating rumor—all the more elusive because even vaguer than the accusation made by the second Mrs. Allan in her old age—that the poet, in his youth or early manhood, had forged the name of his foster-father. The first time this rumor—which had its origin in the exaggerated and sensational hearsays spread abroad after Mr. Allan's second marriage—came to the surface Poe brought suit for defamation, and obtained punitive damages. The truth of the charge was inconsistent, not only with the tenor of this verdict, but also with his affectionate relations with the first Mrs. Allan and her sister before he entered the army as a private soldier, previous to which event the act of forgery is said to have been committed. As to the charge of a criminal misappropriation of the fund for a substitute, is it probable that a stern, inflexible and suspicious man like Mr Allan would have so far overlooked the supposed embezzlement by his foster-son as to recommend his appointment to so honorable a position in the public service as a cadetship at West Point? Or that he would have received him in his house in Richmond, as he is known to have done before that appointment was obtained? Without any great shock to his sense of duty, never abnormally developed, it must be admitted, in his relations with the future poet, he would have washed his hands of the culprit forever, and he would have been the more disposed to do this, as he was anxious to marry again.

The coldness of Mr. Allan's letter recommending Poe to the Secretary of War has often and justly been censured: "I do declare that he is no relation to me whatever—that I have many (in) whom I have taken an active interest to promote theirs, with no other feeling than that every man is my care if he be in distress."

Would any reader of this letter, who was unaware of their previous ties, suppose that its writer was alluding to a person who had been practically adopted by him at the age of two; a person who had passed his childhood youth and early manhood under the writer's roof, in hourly intercourse with him; had been strictly bred and liberally educated by that writer; had been warmly beloved by that writer's devoted wife, and had been earnestly commended by her on her deathbed to his affectionate consideration? Whatever provocation Poe may have given Mr. Allan, it was certainly not so great as to require him to throw his fosterson off entirely; and that being so, was this letter the letter of a man who possessed any real kindness of heart, or who was capable of showing any just responsiveness to the tenderest claims of the past?

But apart from the point of view of correct feeling, this letter is open to criticism on the score of good taste. Why should the writer in a public document—for Mr. Allan was fully aware that the letter would be filed at Washington—praise his own benevolence? The only interpretation of the tone of the letter at all honorable to him is that he wished to impress the secretary with the fact that Edgar could entertain no tenable hope of a fortune from the writer; that he stood on exactly the same footing as the other aspirants who were applying for cadetships, and that, if successful, he, like them, would be dependent absolutely on the military profession for a livelihood. Probably Mr. Allan thought, and if so, we are convinced correctly, that the secretary would be more disposed to appoint a young man who had no pecuniary prospects at all than one who might reasonably look forward to inheriting at least a share of his foster-father's large estate. This is the only view of the letter which robs its writer's coldness and self-laudation of some measure of its brutal hardness. It is impossible to justify it even partially by any other explanation. Whatever Mr. Allan's motive for expressing himself as he did, his tone was such as might naturally have revolted Poe, and confirmed the attitude of estrangement which had characterized his conduct ever since his first departure from Richmond.

(This is the second of a series of five articles on the life of Poe, written for The Times-Dispatch by Philip Alexander Bruce. The next will treat on "Poe and the Second Mrs. Allan.")